

Good Morning

495

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

TIDE CAME IN— PUGS FOUGHT ON

NONPAREIL Jack Dempsey, middleweight champion of the world, great sportsman, and a real good fellow, was never known to turn down a chal-

lenge for the title he held. Always, in that quiet way that was his, would he try to settle matters to his liking and that of his prospective opponent. Thus, when Johnnie Reagan, one of the toughest men in ring history, said that he could take away Jack's title, the champ. was quite willing to arrange for the tough guy to try to make good his boast.

Eventually it was arranged that the two should meet at Long Island, the ring itself being pitched on the seashore.

Thousands of fight fans shuffled in the sand as the two knuckle-fighters squared off, and no one, in the excitement, appeared to notice the slight drizzle that started falling after the first two rounds.

As tough as old oak, their fists pickled to make them harder, the two strong men of the ring hammered at each other like a couple of jungle fighters. Both were floored by mighty blows—but were on their feet again in a moment.

The crowd were getting restive. For two hours the men had been trying to slaughter each other; for a hundred and twenty minutes they had tried all the tricks of the trade, but still, remained on their feet.

Then, what many of the crowd feared might happen, did! The advancing tide suddenly began to flow around the feet of the spectators, and to avoid a soaking, they hurriedly retired to higher ground.

But not Dempsey and Reagan. They blazed into each other in a frenzy of punching, while the water, slowly at first, but quicker with the passing of minutes, began to creep up their legs. Within a short time they were fighting with the sea over their knees!

Until this moment Dempsey had been clearly the better man. His science showed itself; the clean punching, too, must have made Reagan feel uncomfortable. If it did, the Iron Man of the Ring did not show it. He himself began to hand out to Dempsey some terrible punishment, while, to help him

keep his footing, Reagan wore special boots with spikes.

He roused the fury of the mob by slashing at the champion's legs when at close quarters. Eventually, so persistent was he in this form of attack that Dempsey's legs were laid open to the bone, but grimly the champion continued to take the fight to his opponent.

Then the referee decided that the fight would have to be held up for a few minutes; he called it a truce, for the water was by now up to the fighters' waists, and the spectators were shouting encouragement from afar.

The battle had been going on for three hours. Fights among the boys around the ring, too, had been many, and quite a number of the spectators looked even worse than the blood-stained pugs in the roped square!

Suddenly one of the seconds had what proved to be a wonderful idea. He hired all

★ **JOHN ALLEN**
tells how the
"Crowd Roared"
when pugilist
Jack Dempsey
fought for his
title in the Sea

★ the bay hoping to find a spot of sand beyond the reach of the tide.

It was not an easy task, and Dempsey, his injured legs stiffening, was by now in great pain. When at last a dry spot was found, and fans, fighters, and seconds, prepared for the resumption of the marathon contest, it was as much as Dempsey could do to walk.

But he had not become a champion for nothing. His heart was as big as his bullet head, his courage equal to that of a lion, and Nonpareil Jack Dempsey was not going to give up his title if he could help it, least of all to Johnnie Reagan, the man who had boasted that he would beat the champ!

"Help me to the middle of the ring," he said to his seconds, "I'll do the rest."

So, with Reagan's fans urging their man to go in and finish off the champion, Dempsey was assisted to the centre of the ring. Then, to the joy of those who admired Jack, he began to give Reagan a boxing lesson he never forgot.

For thirteen more rounds he slammed at the challenger who, for his part, hit back at Dempsey with a vigour that would have beaten any but "Nonpareil." He was determined not to go down to Reagan; to hold out at all costs.

What's more, he did! Weary, dejected at the failure of his blows to knock-out Dempsey, and suffering as the result of Jack's hammer fists repeatedly rapping home punches in his weakest points, Johnnie Reagan was out on his feet after four hours of fighting, and his seconds, to save him further punishment, threw in the towel.

Jack Dempsey was still "The Champ!" But he had had to fight in the sea to make sure of keeping his title!



TABLE TALK FOR Sto. Reg. McCallum

WHEN "Good Morning" camera-man called at 89, Friars Court Avenue, Knightswood, Glasgow, Sto. Reg. McCallum, your dad was still at work down at the docks, but quite a number of the Watson family appeared to give him news for you.

Thaura, Agnes, Ailsa and their respective families are all very well and send their love.

Matt still spills acid and hypo all over mum's bath and makes himself a general nuisance, but she has decided to put up with him for the duration because he grows prize cauliflowers!

Bessie was through to Edinburgh recently to visit Thaura, and took Bubbles, and she was very excited and happy about it all.

Norman was home on nine days' leave and had a lovely

time, being shown all round Glasgow by Kathie. Lucky guy!

Patsy and Olive are still studying hard and are getting on very well. "We have lost Penny recently," said Patsy, "and we shall have to consider getting a ha'penny in her place."

All the family are waiting to do what your favourite song says: "I'll walk beside you," and we add on the "Bonnie, Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond."

Bubbles set table for tea, in which our camera-man joined. She is very capable now, and she has knitted a pair of gloves for wee Tommie; Audrey has knitted a pair, too, for Michael. Altogether, you are very

lucky in your choice of relatives. Reg, the household at No. 89 must surely be one of the happiest families in Scotland; and that's saying something in a country of home-lovers.

Kathie is definitely going to head office soon to start her training as a telegraphist, and is looking forward to the change, especially as she will get more wages.

It was Isobel's wedding anniversary the day of the "Good Morning" visit. Kathie went over with a wee card and present for her.

And here's the family message for you: "We hope it won't be long before we see you again, and we all send our love and hope you had a nice time on your last leave."

HOME TOWN NEWS

PLYMOUTH publicans are going into a huddle to decide on policy for "V-Day."

The general opinion seems to be that the best course will be to open up, sell out what is available—in most pubs it won't last an hour!—and then stay open for the rest of the day so that "celebrators" can indulge in a sing-song. Use the pub as a club, drinks or no drinks.

One licensee has even

threatened to abdicate for the day and let customers serve themselves free while the beer lasts!

Only, he is not advertising it beforehand. That would be too much like asking for trouble!

LIGHT.

MANY Plymouth people, on reading that the lights were to be turned up again, destroyed their black-outs in a fit of premature celebration.

Almost at once they heard that restrictions were to be maintained in coastal areas in the South-West.

That explains why certain shopkeepers who were beginning to look upon black window materials as likely to become dead stock were gratified by a sudden and unexpected stream of customers—for black-out!

LUCKY.

LUCKIEST town in Cornwall was Launceston, which is only "just inside" the county, and twelve miles inland, and proved a "shining" exception to Mr. Morrison's fiat that black-out should not be relaxed in "the whole of Cornwall and the Isles of Scilly."

It was a Saturday night when the Mayor (Ald. G. E.

Trood) threw a master switch and put the street lights aglow.

The crowds were so dense that it was impossible to get home even if you wanted to!

UNPAID.

MR. JACK TRESADERN, who managed Plymouth Argyle before the war, has returned as secretary and manager, unpaid until the club gets going again.

Home Park, requisitioned by the Government early in the war, was badly blitzed in 1941, when the grandstand went up in smoke.

The conflagration was assisted by the contents of hundreds of bombed houses which the Corporation had stacked in the stand, and even in the manager's office and directors' room.

SCEPTIC.

MISS CAROLINE MARY DAY, who died at Torquay in her 101st year, received a telegram from the King and Queen in November, 1943, on her 100th birthday.

So far from being proud at this distinction, however, the old lady declared, "It's all a mistake."

Only when she saw a copy of her birth certificate, "1843," would she admit to a hundred years!

A FIRST GLIMPSE OF SONNY for Sto. S. GUNNILL

THE first thing we saw at Broads Cottage, Sto. S. Gunnill, was Dad, almost upside down, doing a spot of gardening, and the first thing he said was he could do with your help. But the real picture was inside, with Vera playing with your son Ralph.

Only six weeks' old and weighing thirteen and a half pounds, he is no ordinary baby. He can laugh, too—ask Dad. But, of course, you have not seen Sonny yet, and the fact is he rather objected to being photographed. Babies often do, you know. Anyway, you can see how well your wife looks, and Mum and Dad.

Brother Frank goes back to Alexandria in a few weeks' time—any chance of your meeting him there as you did before? He hopes it won't be seven years before seeing you again.

Just missed seeing Fred; his embarkation leave is up on Sunday, October 1.

All went to the shop on September 26 for tea with your Mother and Father. Both very well.



Certainly, September 26 Vera sends her love, and says was a red-letter day, all in a do for goodness sake read her bunch came eleven letters in their right order if from you, different dates, of you get an avalanche. course. So now Vera won't Everything in the garden ders if you get her daily looks fine, and that goes for all letters all in a lump. That at home—it's only you that sort of thing cannot be should come along to complete helped, of course. the picture.

Raspberries
are our
favourite
fruit.

So write and tell us
what you really think
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

WARRIORS FALL

LIKE AUTUMN LEAVES

ON they came, with a shout and the clashing of spears; now they were driving in the outposts we had placed among the rocks at the foot of the hill.

On they came, shouting their war-cry, "Twala! Twala! Chiele! Chiele!" (Twala! Twala! Smite! Smite!). They were quite close now, and the tollas or throwing-knives began to flash backwards and forwards, and now with an awful yell the battle closed in.

To and fro swayed the mass of struggling warriors, men falling thick as leaves in an autumn wind; but before long the superior weight of the attacking force began to tell, and our first line of defence was slowly pressed back, till it merged into the second. At length, within twenty minutes of the commencement of the fight, our third line came into action.

Sir Henry watched the desperate struggle with a kindling eye, and then without a word he rushed off, followed by Good, and flung himself into the hottest of the fray.

From that moment the issue was no longer in doubt. At that moment, too, a messenger arrived to say that the left attack had been repulsed; and I was just beginning to congratulate myself that the affair was over for the present, when, to our horror, we perceived our men who had been engaged in the right defence being driven towards us across the plain, followed by swarms of the enemy, who had evidently succeeded at this point.

Ignosi, who was standing by me, took in the situation at a glance, and issued a rapid order. Instantly the reserve regiment



round us (the Greys) extended itself.

Shortly after this somebody knocked me down, and I remember no more of that charge.

When I came to I found myself back at the koppie, with Good bending over me holding some water in a gourd. "How do you feel, old fellow?" he asked anxiously.

I got up and shook myself before answering.

"I fancy I only got a rap on the head, which knocked me out of time. How has it ended?"

"They are repulsed at every point for the time. The loss is dreadfully heavy; we have lost quite two thousand killed and wounded, and they must have lost three."

Hurrying from this dreadful scene to the further side of the koppie, we found Sir Henry (who still held a bloody battle-axe in his hand), Ignosi, Infadoos, and one or two of the chiefs in deep consultation.

"Thank Heaven, here you are, Quatermain! It seems that though we have beaten off the attack, Twala is now receiving large reinforcements, and is showing a disposition to invest us, with a view of starving us out."

"That's awkward."

"Yes; especially as Infadoos says that the water supply has given out."

"My lord, that is so," said Infadoos; "the spring cannot supply the wants of so great a multitude, and is failing rapidly. Before night we shall all be thirsty. Now tell us, what shall we do?"

Thus abjured, I, after taking hasty counsel with Good and Sir Henry, delivered my opinion briefly to the effect that, being trapped, our best chance, especially in view of the failure of our water supply, was to initiate an attack upon Twala's forces, and then I recommended that the attack should be delivered at once, "before our wounds grew stiff,"

and also before the sight of Twala's a little, "and I confess I never expected to see to-morrow's sun. As far as I can make out, the Greys, with whom I am to go, are to fight until they are wiped out in order to enable the wings to slip round unawares and out-flank Twala. Well, so be it; at any rate, it will be a man's death! Good-bye, old fellow. God bless you! I hope you will pull through and live to collar the diamonds." In a few minutes the regiments destined to carry out the flanking movements had trumped off in silence, keeping carefully under the lee of the rising ground in order to conceal the movement from the keen eyes of Twala's scouts.

Half an hour or more was allowed to elapse between the setting out of the horns or wings of the army before any movement was made by the Greys and the supporting regiment, known as the Buffaloes, which formed its chest, and which were destined to bear the brunt of the battle.

The excitement in Twala's camp on the plain beyond was very great, and regiment after regiment were starting forward at a long swinging trot in order to reach the root of the tongue of land before the attacking force could emerge into the plain of Loo.

The Greys remained perfectly still and silent till the attacking troops were within forty yards, and a volley of tollas or throwing knives came rattling among their ranks.

Then suddenly, with a bound and a roar, they sprang forward with uplifted spears, and the two regiments met in deadly strife. Next second the roll of the meeting shields came to our ears like the sound of thunder, and the whole plain seemed to be alive with flashes of light reflected from the stabbing spears. To and fro swung the heaving mass of struggling, stabbing humanity, but not for long. Suddenly the attacking lines seemed to grow thinner, and then with a slow, long heave the Greys passed over them, just as a great wave heaves up and passes over a sunken ridge. It was done; that regiment was completely destroyed, but the Greys had but two lines left now; a third of their number were dead.

It was a splendid thing to see those brave battalions come on time after time over the barriers of their dead, sometimes holding corpses before them to receive our spear thrusts, only to leave their own corpses to swell the rising piles. It was a gallant sight to see that sturdy old warrior, Infadoos, as cool as though he were on parade, shouting out orders, taunts, and even jests, to keep up the spirit of his

tomahawks, and the chase must have lasted some time, for the parson was well into his sermon when my uncle's father dreamt that he was finally cornered with his back to a precipice. Just as the foremost Indian had raised his tomahawk to strike, the parson brought his fist down with a resounding thump on the pulpit. The shock was so great that the dreamer fell forward in his seat stone dead. But in my opinion my uncle made the whole story up. Why do I think so?

(Answers in No. 496.)

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 18

1. Rearrange the following words to make a sentence, and then state if it is true or false: Leaves clothes reason for shed our we the shed that their same trees.

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? New York, New Mexico, New Guinea, New Hebrides, New Hampshire, New Caledonia.

3. When Thomas said "Rubber," Denis said "Ale." What word linked these two ideas in Denis's mind?

4. My uncle used to say that his father's death during the service in Droghamton Church one Sunday morning was the strangest on record. He—my uncle's father—had fallen asleep after the second lesson, and had a very vivid dream. He dreamt that he was being hunted by Indians armed with

tomahawks, and the chase must have lasted some time, for the parson was well into his sermon when my uncle's father dreamt that he was finally cornered with his back to a precipice. Just as the foremost Indian had raised his tomahawk to strike, the parson brought his fist down with a resounding thump on the pulpit. The shock was so great that the dreamer fell forward in his seat stone dead. But in my opinion my uncle made the whole story up. Why do I think so?

(Answers in No. 496.)

Answers to Test No. 17.

1. Both are fibrous, of animal origin, used for clothing, good heat insulators, can be spun, woven and dyed, shrink when wetted, burn, sink in water.

2. Weight is not measurable in dimensions; others are.

3. Great-great-grand-daughter.

4. (a) No; (b) No; (c) No.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of
RIDER HAGGARD

few remaining men, and then, as each charge rolled up, stepping forward to wherever the fighting was thickest, to bear his share in repelling it. And yet more gallant was the vision of Sir Henry, whose ostrich plumes had been shorn off by a spear stroke, so that his long yellow hair streamed out in the breeze behind him. There he stood, the great Dane, for he was nothing else, his hands, his axe, and his armour, all red with blood, and none could live before his stroke. Time after time I saw it come sweeping down, as some great warrior ventured to give him battle, and as he struck he shouted "O-hoy! O-hoy!" like his Berserker forefathers, and the blow went crashing through shield and spear, through head-dress, hair, and skull, till at last none would of their own will come near the great white "umtagati" (wizard), who killed and failed not.

But suddenly there rose a cry of "Twala, y' Twala," and out of the press sprang forward none other than the gigantic one-eyed king himself, also armed with battle-axe and shield, and clad in chain armour.

"Where art thou, Incubu, thou white man, who slew Scragga my son—see if thou canst slay me!" he shouted, and at the same time hurled a tolla straight at Sir Henry.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A sorb is a fruit, kind of rubber, sponge, fish, drink, game, carpenter's tool?
2. What name is given to a group of (a) starlings, (b) woodcock?
3. What is the difference between a bee's and a wasp's sting?
4. What and where is the Giant's Causeway?
5. What is the nationality of the composers (a) German, (b) Ireland?

Answers to Quiz in No. 494

1. River dolphin.
2. (a) Wisp, (b) Host.
3. The two middle teeth in the top jaw. (Not the forked tongue, which is harmless.)
4. At the foot of the Himalayas.
5. Albeniz, Falla, etc.
6. Oppressive, Opportunity.

WANGLING WORDS—434

1. Insert five consonants in: *E*I*E*A*E, and get a word meaning careful.
2. Rearrange the letters of: AH, NOW STING! and get a famous capital.
3. In the following four artists' materials the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 49546, 3921T5, 3934R, 341C26.
4. Find the two hidden birds in: The scientists how least of all to false gods; they would stop art, rid gentlefolk of their artificiality, and abolish superstition.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 433

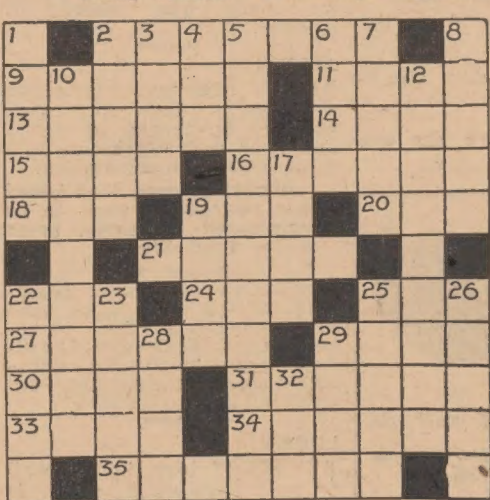
1. CANBERRA (Australia).
2. WELLINGTON.
3. Mitre, Mortise, Dowel, Dovetail.
4. Cap, Pan-a-ma.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 2 Microscopic organisms.



- 9 One of U.S.A.
- 11 Boy's name.
- 13 Be indignant about.
- 14 Temple.
- 15 Bumpkin.
- 16 Effete.
- 18 Border.
- 19 Go unexpectedly.
- 20 Newt.
- 21 Transferred to.
- 22 Closure.
- 24 Double.
- 25 Vehicle.
- 27 Unaccented.
- 29 Wind instrument.
- 30 Nought.
- 31 Picturesque scenes.
- 33 Rim.
- 34 French "Edict" town.
- 35 Dirges.

CLUES DOWN.

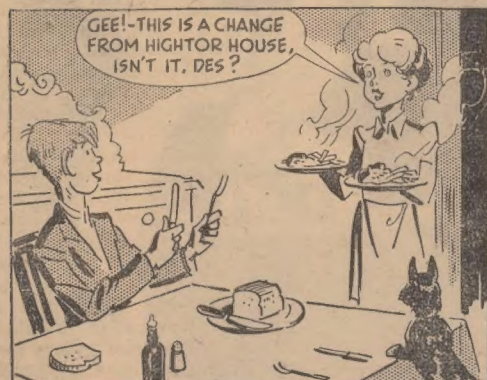
- 1 Portico.
- 2 Broom.
- 3 Old.
- 4 Learn.
- 5 Bringing forward.
- 6 Quitted.
- 7 Cross.
- 8 Fragrance.
- 10 Sent down.
- 12 Too great for words.
- 17 Undo.
- 19 Flairy.
- 22 Looks fixedly.
- 23 Eat greedily.
- 25 Studied pursuits.
- 26 Singer.
- 28 Boy or girl.
- 29 Northumberland-river.
- 32 Welsh boy.

HARD PLUMBS
AROUSE SALE
PUDDLED NOW
PM IRE AWN
PET CITE
NORTHERNERS
PACE EKE H
FIN RIP KO
LAC SNIFFED
ITEM STORED
PEDANT PONY

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



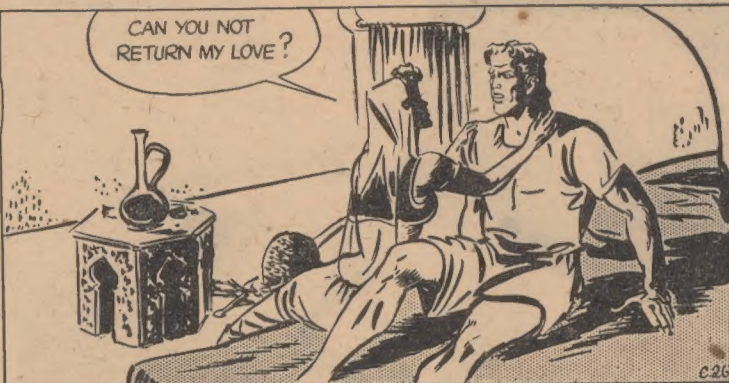
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



TOUGHEST JOB ON EARTH

THE Home Secretary has a variety of tough duties, but the toughest is surely the use of his prerogative of mercy when a murderer is sentenced to death. He is the one man who can save him from the gallows. Parliament is now considering removing this burden from his shoulders.

Often, when the judge has put on his little black cap and sentenced a man "to be hanged by the neck until he be dead," that is the end of the story.

But in many other cases a new life-and-death drama is just beginning. A petition for reprieve is drawn up, and it isn't hard to get signatures. Apart from the condemned man's friends and relatives, there are numerous societies opposed to capital punishment. A document with thousands of signatures is put on the Home Secretary's desk.

Usually it is not difficult to separate the cold-blooded murders from the ones in which there are extenuating circumstances. In the latter cases the Home Secretary finds his task easier because the jury has perhaps added a strong recommendation to mercy.

There have been many cases of "crimes of passion," in which a man or woman yielded to blind impulse, and the Home Secretary has decided that imprisonment for life was more appropriate than the scaffold.

If the Home Secretary is a sensitive man, he knows that his responsibility is a terrible one. A human life is in his hands, and even judges make mistakes. He might recall the Oscar Slater case, in which the condemned man served a lifetime of imprisonment for a murder he did not commit.

Consider the case of 18-year-old Henry Jacoby, the London pantry boy who brutally murdered and robbed his employer, Lady White. The jury had recommended him to mercy, and the foreman of the jury headed a deputation that called on the Home Secretary of the day.

Because of the condemned man's extreme youth there were many sympathisers. One man felt so strongly about the case that he actually called, late one night, at Lambeth Palace and implored the Archbishop of Canterbury to intervene. It didn't help, and Jacoby went to his death.

Two brothers, named Staunton, also started a nation-wide agitation for reprieve when they were convicted of murdering a girl by starving her to death. They had hoped to inherit her property.

After the trial, the famous physician, Sir William Jenner, signed his name to a reprieve petition which carried the signatures of 700 other well-known doctors. Charles Reade, the novelist, also took up the case and wrote heated articles in the newspapers.

The doctors were not satisfied by the medical evidence in the case. They claimed that the woman had died from tuberculosis, and it was true that one lung was proved to have been infected. But, according to the Prosecution, the victim's terrible emaciation could only have been caused by deliberate starvation over a long period.

The Home Secretary, after long and anxious consideration, finally granted a reprieve.

Another reprieve headache came from the Yarmouth Beach murder case. Bennett was accused of strangling his wife on the beach with a bootlace. He was brilliantly defended by Marshall Hall, but did himself no good by plugging a weak alibi and consistently telling lies in the witness-box.

An agitation started after he was condemned to death, and Marshall Hall himself took a great part in trying to secure a reprieve.

Long after Bennett's execution he was still convinced that there had been a miscarriage of justice. Many people are still worried over this case (which was based on circumstantial evidence), and it must be pointed out that, after the trial, counsel received a mysterious anonymous letter "confessing" to the murder and insisting that Bennett was innocent!

When William Herbert Wallace, a Liverpool insurance man, was found guilty of murdering his wife, local people felt so strongly about his case that special intercession prayers were offered for him in several churches.

Wallace himself seemed remarkably calm. He played the violin in his cell! He was subsequently acquitted.

When the question of transferring this grim duty from the Home Secretary is again discussed, Mr. Churchill will doubtless have his own experience to offer. He was himself a great Home Secretary, and one of the men he reprieved was Steinie Morrison. It was a baffling case, and lawyers as well as laymen still argue about Morrison's conviction.

Alex Cracks

Bursting open the door marked "Private," the local butcher confronted the local solicitor. "If a dog steals a piece of meat from my shop, is the owner liable?" he asked the man behind the desk.

"Certainly," replied the lawyer. "Very well. Your dog took a piece of steak worth four-and-eightpence about five minutes ago."

The lawyer's eyebrows went up at that. "Indeed?" he returned smoothly. "Then if you give me the other two shillings, that will cover my fee."

Good
Morning

This England

Zummerset be foineest paart in England and Taunton be foineest town in Zummerset, and North Street be foineest street in Taunton. Oi be from Zummerset myself.



GET UP THEM
STAIRS!



And this youthful skater doesn't wait to be told twice. She's had her eyes on "them stairs" for quite a time! Like all serious skaters, she dresses the part — the essential part being well padded, as you'll notice.



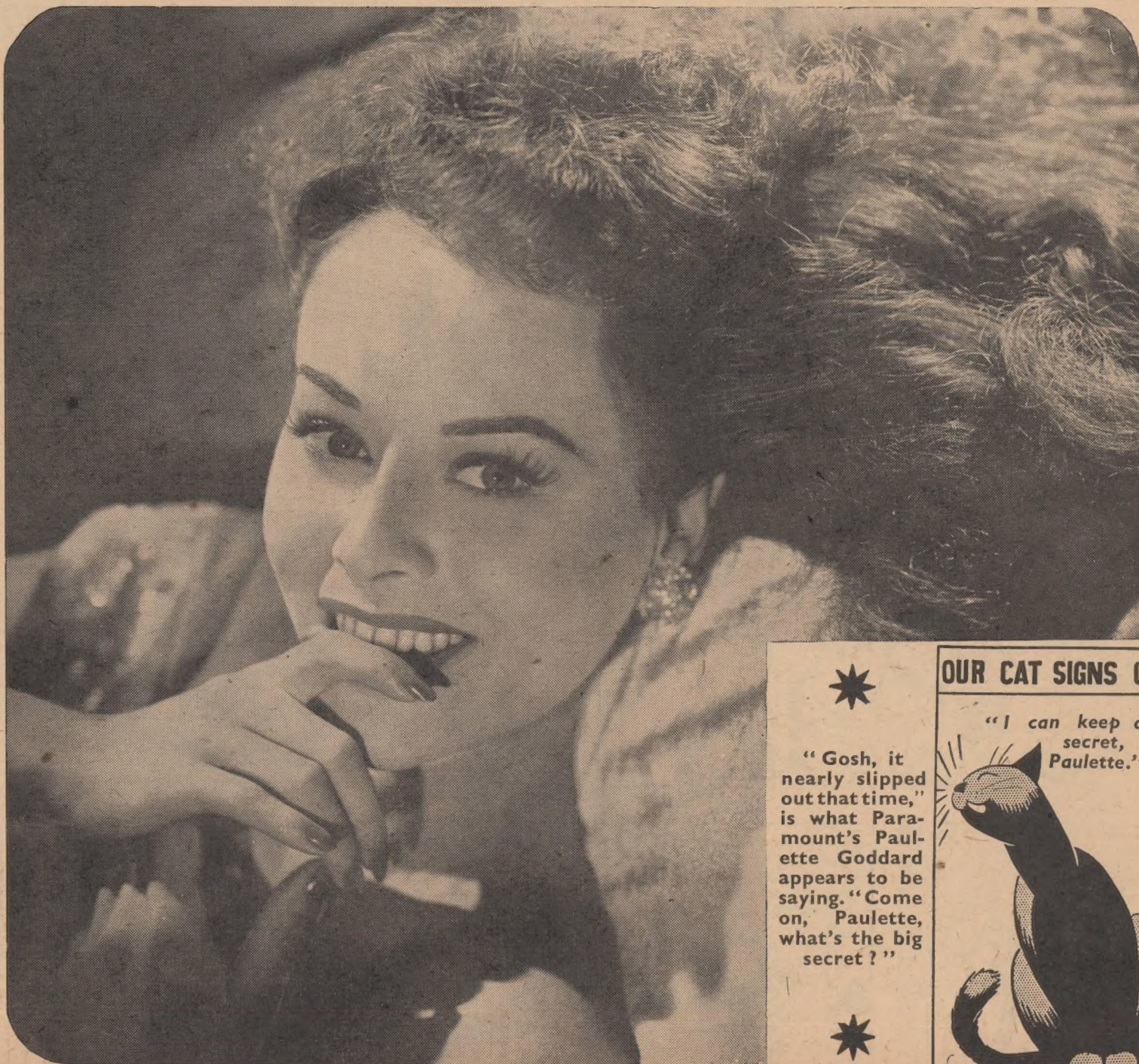
"Poor old Major's been jilted, then?"



"It's all over the kennels, the hussy."



"If you ask me, she's a bitch."



"Gosh, it nearly slipped out that time," is what Paramount's Paulette Goddard appears to be saying. "Come on, Paulette, what's the big secret?"



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I can keep a secret, Paulette."

